THE FAILURE

By ROLAND ASHFORD PHILLIPS

Jerry Gilman did the things he was supposed to do with the method and precision of a machine. At exactly one minute to 8 he arrived at the offices of Larry & Co., hung his coat on a certain nail, donned a lighter one and opened the safe. At exactly 8:30 he looked up from his desk and nodded to the incoming proprietor. At 12 he carefully wiped his pen, closed his books, changed his coat and went out to a certain lunch-room, where he ate his regular piece of pie and drank his usual cup of black coffee. Then he smoked a cigarette, walked around a certain block to get the kinks out of his legs and returned to the office and his high desk at exactly 12:30.

Gilman was a forty-year-old automaton. The rut he had been forced to enter early in his twenties had never broadened. Instead it grew deeper and deeper, until, with the passing years, it became a prison.

His brain seemed to be shriveled, sucked dry; his limbs obeyed some intangible impulse, as if they were geared to another being. Every motion was mechanical. One could all but hear the creaking.

He chafed against his narrow, level path at first, but after a while he sank back, resignedly, like a colt broken to harness. He had prepared himself for law, and after leaving the University had determined to throw himself bodily into his chosen work. His uncle's sudden death changed that. The relative who had made his education possible left behind him a flood of debts, and these Gilman dutifully shouldered. This self-imposed burden gave him no liberty to begin his profession, and so he accepted the first position open—bookkeeping and its fixed wage. It meant twenty dollars a week, and that was more than law would pay him in the beginning. Of course, he never intended to remain bent over a desk; but somehow he never grew quite square with the world, no matter how religiously he denied himself all of its luxuries and most of the necessities. Thus the twenty-dollar rut became deeper and more difficult to scramble out of, and the more precipitous the rut, the feebler became his struggles.

At thirty he married. Because a baby came he started to buy a little house in the country. That meant a mortgage and more denial. But the boy had to be looked after. So Gilman arose an hour earlier each morning and walked to the office. That ten cents a day meant interest. Also, he found a restaurant where he could get coffee and rolls for a nickel—that was five cents gained. In a year it would amount to enough to get a new dress for his wife.

"And once we get on our feet again, Mary," he would say, "things will be different!"

Always it was this cry.

The years slipped by like a reel of film, leaving nothing but vague, unpleasant impressions. He was still struggling—not to get out of his rut, but to get on his feet—and failing. His boy gave him a last clinging hope. He built rosy futures for his son. He and Mary determined that their boy should be something.

When the boy died at twelve he and Mary came back from the cemetery and sat together in the empty bedroom. The very loneliness seemed to crush them.

"I guess—guess I've been pretty much of a failure, Mary," he faltered, holding her cold hand. "Pretty much of a failure."

For the first time in all his narrow life the bitter realization dawned upon him.

Larry & Co. would have called him a success. Whatever would have happened if Gilman was not in the office each week-day at one minute of 8 could but be surmised. He was the most faithful cog in their entire machine. Crucible steel could give no better service.

One evening when he came home Mary handed him a letter. It had been forwarded from town to town. The little crest on the flap of the envelope sent his pulses mounting.

"Why—why, it's from the old Fraternity," he murmured. "From the old class at the University. I wonder—wonder—"

He opened it and read the few lines. Then he smiled. "It's the annual supper," he said quietly, turning the page over and over in his fingers. "It's tomorrow night!"

"You'd better go, Jerry," the wife said, and for the moment her tired eyes glowed. "It'll do you a world of good, to meet all the old boys."

He made no response.

"Don't you ever miss them?" she asked suddenly.

"Of course, of course," his voice trembled. "We had great old times together—we boys. We always gave a blow-out this time of the year. . . . Let's see—I haven't gone to one of them—since—why, it's been fifteen years!"

"You must go," Mary urged.

She came over and sat on the arm of his chair.

"I wonder how many of the little circle are left?" he mused, after a space in which his mind groped into the past. "There were six of us—regular chums . . . Wright died just a year after we parted. Big red-headed Mack is the counsel for a Western railroad. Kinney, the last I heard of him, was the president of a Chicago bank. Livingston is the high man with the biggest brokers on Wall Street. He's two or three times a millionaire." Gilman's eyes misted and something quivered in his throat. "They're all up in the world—all successes but me."

The wife patted his cheek. "Success isn't everything, dear," she argued. "We have each other. Haven't—haven't you been happy?"

"Very, very happy," he answered quickly, looking into her anxious face. "No man ever had so good a wife." She bent down and he kissed her. "You've been almost too good—for me, dear. You have deserved better——"

"I'll get your dress-suit out and press it up a bit," she hurried, her eyes shining and moist. "You'll look just as nice as the other men."

"I sort of dread going to the supper," he demurred. "I'll feel out of place, I know. You know it has been so long since I have attended that—"

"You must go, Jerry," again she interrupted him. "It'll be worth as much as a vacation."

For a long, long time they sat there in the dusk of the room, very close to one another. The cool evening wind came through the opened window, bringing with it the odor of lilacs. Gilman stared emptily at the opposite wall, stunned by the flood of memories. Most of them were mist-shrouded and dim; now and then a vague shape loomed vividly; sometimes a whole scene leaped into startling clearness. Suddenly he spoke.

"We six had a supper—just the night before we left the old university. We were all twenty and heart-free then. We were all confident of our success . . . I remember one of the boys saying—it was Livingston, too, that if any one of us hadn't made good by the time he was forty he'd better shoot himself."

He swallowed hard and laughed. "Foolish idea, wasn't it, Mary? Foolish, don't you think so?"

"Very foolish, Jerry," she responded and her soft fingers caressed his thin, white hand.

"The idea of a man shooting himself because—because he wasn't a success!" he went on, softer. "I often wonder if—if the other boys ever think of it?"

And so they sat and talked until bedtime.

All the next day Gilman worked in a strange world. For once his brain annoyed him. Part way down a column with his pen poised in mid-air, his eyes shining, a new color in either temple. He remembered the day on the wide river, with the cloudless skies and the crowds, when his crew finished five yards ahead of the others. He could hear the shouts again. The students carried him about the town on their shoulders.

"Five yards," he murmured half aloud. "Lord, that was a race! And the boys went wild."

When he went out to lunch—the usual coffee and rolls in the narrow basement room—he suddenly recollected the afternoon of the big Thanksgiving game. Livingston and he made the only touchdowns.

After lunch he rolled his noonday cigarette—for the "makings" were a great deal cheaper than the "tailor-made" and went thoughtfully around the block. Before a big window he halted. It was fitted up with a motley assortment of baseball sundries, and as his eyes roved over them a pang came into his throat.

A memory of a green diamond sprang vividly to his brain. He was holding down second. He heard the sharp crack of a hit ball. With a sob he leaped into the air, arm extended. The singing ball sank into his glove with a heart-quickening thud. Lord, how it stung! But it kept the batter from making at least three bags.

"Good old Jerry!" the bleachers roared when he trotted into the bench. And he was trembling like a leaf.

Gilman went back to the office in a daze, his whole body tingling. The afternoon wore away, and when the big clock marked six he changed coats, locked the safe and hurried home. This time he took a car.

Mary spread him a bite to eat before he started to dress, for fear he might become hungry before the dinner. And she had also laid out his evening clothes on the bed.

He put them on slowly, ruminatively. The trousers were considerably loose about the waist and the coat did not fit as snug as it once had. Ah, he was a man twenty years ago!

After a little while the wife came into the bed room with a freshly ironed tie. Gilman took it and looked at it closely.

"Why, Mary, I haven't worn this since—since our wedding. Remember?"

The woman's lips trembled. "I put it away that night," she wavered. "And don't you remember how I had to tie it for you just before the ceremony?"

"Lord," he choked, "but I was excited!" He swept a quick hand across his eyes. "I guess you'll have to do the same thing tonight, Mary."

He stood very quiet while she knotted it and fluffed the ends. Then she stepped back and surveyed him from head to foot. A wave of color crept into her white cheeks, dulled the pools of shadows and smoothed away all the tiny wrinkles.

"There now! My, but you do look nice, Jerry!" Her eyes swam radiantly. "You're a different man. I wish you could dress like this more often—" she caught herself and her cheeks blanched.

"Not that, dear," she broke out, frightened, "not that! I don't mean it that way. Of course you couldn't afford to dress like this every night. Only I meant—that you look nice—and—" her words faltered and died away. He went over, put both arms about her and kissed her tenderly upon the lips.

"I understand, dear," he struggled, winking hard. "Of course, I understand. It does seem nice and pleasant to dress up once in a while." He hesitated. "Now don't let me forget a handkerchief."

"I put one in the drawer of the bureau," she said.

He turned and walked over. Fumbling for the bit of linen his groping fingers came in contact with something hard and cold. He unconsciously caught at his breath. The blinding recollection of Livingston's words crushed to his brain.

The one of us who isn't successful at forty . . . . !

Mary was not looking. With a sudden little movement he gripped the revolver and slipped it into his hip-pocket.

II.

Twice he walked past the door of the big hotel before he finally gained courage to enter the lobby. Carriages and taxicabs were spinning up to the curb and disgorging their jovial, prosperous-looking men. The lobby was fairly crammed with them. Gilman went in and slipped quickly to the cloak-room, where he left his hat.

Men passed and repassed him, laughing, joking, slapping one another on the back. But all of the faces were strange to him. At the end of the hall the maze of lights and the constant tinkle of dishes gave promise of the feast to come. Somewhere beyond that came the first strains of the hidden orchestra. He ventured into the banquet room with a hot lump in his throat; peering here and there, hopefully, yet with a strange sense of dread as each new face came into his horizon. More than once he recoiled from an imaginary thump between his stooped shoulders.

The long table, glittering with glass and shaded candles, smothered with a riot of flowers, was rapidly filling up. Gilman shrank into the nearest chair and stared absently at the slim-necked wine-glass beside his plate. No one spoke to him. Everyone else seemed bursting with exuberant conversation. As the meal progressed he grew a bit braver and lifted his eyes searching the line of faces.

A tall, ruddy-cheeked individual opposite him, reeling with too much wine, looked a whole lot like the old coach of the football squad. But he was not certain. Another one he thought might be old Skibby, who had the best batting eye of the entire nine. The dream-pictures came and went, like so much smoke. Now a sharp pair of eyes brought back a perfect flood of memories; now a shouted name recalled long forgotten instances; sometimes a voice which he picked out from the rest of the babble sent his heart throbbing furiously. Once, with a queer tingle of suspense, he thought he heard his own name mentioned.

Before long the dinner was over and the dexterous waiter removed the dishes and set a demi-tasse before him. Cigars and cigarettes were lavishly passed from hand to hand—fairly poured on the white spread. Jerry's thin hand went out and accepted one of the latter. He lighted it and drew in a deep breath. God, but that cigarette tasted good! He used to smoke that brand before the rut swallowed him.

Three or four of the fellows around him drew together and began humming fragments of an old song. Somehow they could not strike the right pitch nor recollect the rhyme. One of them suddenly turned to him.

"Do you remember how it went? That old song about the sugar and the rum?"

Gilman's heart leaped to suffocation. "Yes, I—I think I remember," he choked. "Wait . . . here it is!" The words slipped from between his dry lips and the song started. Of an instant it swept the length of the whole table; the room fairly rocked.

"I wish I had a barrel of rum
And sugar three hundred pounds;
The college bell to mix it in
And the clapper to stir it 'round—

And so it continued. Chairs were kicked back and overturned, men stood to their feet, glasses raised, their faces flushed. The air was blue with the drifting smoke. Jerry himself swayed erect and shouted at the top of his lungs.

Things quieted down after that, as the speeches began. Many of the speakers Jerry could not place; some few he remembered. It seemed like looking into dead men's faces.

But always he listened and drank in the words, eagerly, hungrily.

Then somebody, from the far end of the table, called for Livingston. Jerry watched a tall, gray-haired fellow come to his feet. Strange he had not noticed him before! The man's eyes were very deep and very grave, and every line in his pallid face seemed to bespeak of much suffering. And yet "Lively," as the bunch had always called him, was a famous personage. In the realm of stocks and bonds and shares, down among those canons of granite and steel, Livington was supreme. It was rumored that he gave his daughter twenty millions for a wedding present, and that the house he lived in on Fifth Avenue surpassed even the old world palaces. Livingston and success were synonymous.

"Speak up, Lively!" the same voice encouraged.

He smiled and glanced at the expectant faces through the haze of smoke.

"Thanks, boys," he began, quietly. "I'm glad to have this chance to make myself heard. I don't want to make a speech. I want you to drink a toast with me. I want you to drink a toast to one of us who is not here tonight."

The glasses were raised.

"Here's to Gilman—Jerry Gilman!" he said.

"Good old Jerry!" someone shouted. Every glass was tipped and drained.

Jerry, stunned, crumpled back in his chair. The blood was pounding, singing to his temples. The room and the sea of faces and the murmur of many voices blurred like so much smoke in the wind.

"Listen a moment, boys," Livingston went on, still holding to his glass. "Most of you remember Jerry Gilman. The last I heard of him was out in Iowa. After that I lost all trace of him. He didn't prosper in the way most of us have, for his uncle left some big debts that had to be squared, and so Jerry couldn't wait to start in his profession; he had to get out and make money from the very beginning—although it meant a rut. So he's working somewhere now, if he's still alive, at a little wage that will never be greater, with no future ahead of him, and putting up a brave front all the while. It takes a man with grit and nerve to do a thing like that * * * The last night at the old University six of us boys dined together, Jerry and I among the number, and I don't remember how it came about but someone ventured to remark that with our abilities and our preparation the one of us who couldn't make a success at forty had better shoot himself. Some of those six are with us tonight, myself among the number, and I want them to look deep into their hearts, as I have done, and ask themselves if they are real, sterling successes! Whom have you taken as an example? Are you proud of your past—and will it bear the searchlight? Have you arrived at the top of the ladder without trampling others underfoot? * * * I have tried to follow the life of each of those boys who ate with me [illegible] night, and in due measure I [illegible] I have weighed fairly their stru[illegible] and the results. * * * That [illegible] I asked you all to drink a toast with me to Jerry Gilman. I consider him the greatest success of us all!"

The air throbbed with shouts. The glass in Jerry's fingers slipped and crashed to the floor. The man next to him turned with a grin.

"Careful," he warned, shaking a playful finger. "You'll be under the table in a minute. That's the strongest wine—"

Somehow Jerry lurched out of the room. His brain burned and every limb quivered as from a chill. He got his hat, went out of the lobby, waited for a car and got off at his street. The cool night air calmed him. He walked very straight and erect. At his own gate he paused and slipped a hand to his pocket. He threw the revolver far, far into the gloom.

Mary had not gone to bed, but was sitting up waiting for him, the lamp turned low on the little table.

"Why, Jerry," she said, radiantly, coming to meet him in the hall. "How happy you look. You must have had a good time."

He crushed her against him and kissed her almost brutally.

DEAD MOTHER CLASPS CHILD

NEWPORT NEWS WOMAN DIES OF HEART DISEASE WHILE ASLEEP.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., SPECIAL.—With her three months old baby clasped tightly to her breast, Mrs. E. M. Stowers, of 1419 Twenty-fifth Street, was found dead in bed beside her husband this morning at 3 o'clock. Mr. Stowers was awakened by the crying of the baby. He called his wife, but upon getting no reply turned on the light to find her apparently in peaceful slumber. Close investigation, following his unanswered calls, however, disclosed death. Dr. William Hoskins was called and pronounced it heart disease. Mrs. Stowers was thirty years old.

CUPID BUTS IN THE BALL GAME

BALTIMORE, MD.— Special.—Lefty Russell is the artful dodger these days. Manager Connie Mack and old Manager Matrimony are camping on his trail, each with special inducements. Dan Cupid, the peer of all scouts, is working for Manager Matrimony, at present quartered in Hagerstown, Md., and is using all his wily influences to induce Russell to desert the Bachelor League and sign a life contract with his boss. Mack, of the Athletics, the peer of all managers, is also working to get the sterling southpaw affix his John Hancock to the papers.

The leader of the world's champions is an acknowledged strategist, but the little chap Cupid has him beaten a hundred-fold. Cupid signs fifty star recruits while Mack is using his persuasive powers with one. Speaking of Russell this morning, Dan Cupid was serenely confident of ultimate success in his conquest, though he wouldn't commit himself as to the exact time of the expected happening. Mack, on the other hand, is just a little bit worried about the southpaw.

In his baseball career, Connie Mack has signed Eddie Collins, Frank Baker, Indian Bender and many other stars, but in a single year Scout Cupid outdid all his efforts.

Take a peep at the trophies of Cupid. First of the matrimonial recruits whom Cupid signed last year was a Philadelphias. Hardly had the last cheer from the throat of an Athletic fan over the world's series died away when Cupid had secured the signature of the great Connie Mack himself. For to the altar he led the present Mrs. Mack, whose name previous to her marriage was Miss Elizabeth Halloran.

Scarcely had the ink on the contract dried before Dan Cupid had signed another prize. This time he landed his catch in Scranton, Hughie Jennings, the Napoleon of the Detroit Tigers, was the next managerial prize that Miss Norah O'Boyle, one of Scranton's belles, was the prize that the scout dangled before Hughie's eyes to get a signature to a life contract. Jennings had a great reputation in the Bachelor League, and Dan was bound to scoop him in. He did, and matrimony had another prize ensnared.

One would have believed that with such prizes taken from managerial ranks Dan Cupid would have been satisfied. Alas, he became only the more desirous of securing other talent. No second divisioners for him. No, sir, nothing but class for his league.

So the little nude scout shot to Boston to pick up the third recruit. Nice chap there, named Patrick J. Donovan. Real manager, too, and handles the Red Sox. Cupid wanted him badly and set about to get him. Had a first-class inducement to offer Pat to sign, and made it to him.

The offering was Miss Theresa Mahoney, of Lawrence, Mass. Pat took one look at the offer, and he was lost to the Singular League for good.

Then, in succession, Cupid signed Eddie Collins, Jack Barry and Jack Coombs.

WEST VIRGINIA TO HAVE RACE MEET

WILL ALLOW BETTING UNDER PARI MUTUEL SYSTEM AT TRACKS.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Special.—West Virginia is to have race meetings with pool selling and betting by the Pari Mutuel system this season, Governor Glasscock having signed the bill legalizing pool selling during race meetings on all tracks in the State. It is expected that the new law will greatly encourage the breeding industry, which at present flourishes only in Kentucky and Tennessee, although without the privilege of racing in the latter State.

The effect of the bill, it is thought, will be felt in West Virginia, immediately in the boosting of farm properties and an advance in the prices of feed.

The bill signed by Governor Glasscock forbids book-making and the operation of pool rooms, but speculation will be permitted during fair or race meetings at the tracks and auction pools and the Pari Mutuel machines will be the systems used exclusively.

There is talk already of a $500,000 racing plant at Chester, W. Va., backed, it is said, by August Belmont, of New York; ex-Senator Davis, of Elkins, W. Va.; James McCrea, of Parkersburg, and Henry McClure, of Wheeling.

STEAMER THIEF GOT HER JEWELS

NEW YORK.— Special.—Mrs. Maldwin Drummond, formerly Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., of Chicago, was robbed of a fortune in jewels Saturday night aboard a transatlantic liner. Diamonds, pearls and other gems to the value of approximately $130,000 disappeared mysteriously from her stateroom on the steamship Amerika, of the Hamburg-American line, sometime between 9:30 o'clock Saturday evening and 5:30 o'clock yesterday morning.

The loss was reported immediately the liner docked at Hoboken yesterday afternoon, and the police of Hoboken and New York are working on the case. Mrs. Drummond hurried to the Hotel Plaza, declining to discuss her loss. The Hamburg-American line disclaims all responsibility on the ground that passengers leave jewels in their staterooms at the owner's risk.

List of the Missing Gems.

To the police Mrs. Drummond described the missing jewels as follows:

Two strings of 273 pearls each; one string of 283 pearls; one large black pearl ring, set with diamonds; one large white pearl ring, set with diamonds; one pair large pearl earrings, set with diamonds; one black pearl brooch, set with diamonds, with a black pearl pea-shaped pendant.

A wireless message sent from the Amerika as she neared port summoned detectives down the bay in a tug. They learned from Mrs. Drummond details of the theft and began a combing of the ship and a search of the crew. But not a trace of the jewels was found.

Mrs. Drummond explained that except at night she had worn the jewels almost constantly, but had kept them under her waist and had not displayed them at any time, even when dining. Saturday night on retiring she placed them in a cabinet drawer of the stateroom, as she had done each night during the voyage. No one had access to the stateroom, she added, besides her husband, herself and her maid. The maid she holds above suspicion.

WOULD AVOID EXTRA SESSION

SERIES OF CONFERENCES TO BE HELD—LORIMER CASE MUST COME UP.

WASHINGTON, D. C.— Special.—With the Lorimer case as a basis of negotiations an attempt is being made today to bring about a compromise in the present tangled legislative situation and obviate the necessity of an extra session of Congress. A series of important conferences will be held within the next few days, at which a definite understanding will be established upon various controversies involved in the Senate program.

The view of the Lorimer men is that agreements can be made with other Senators who are working for pet legislation in the Senate, and by these agreements a vote upon the Lorimer case can be brought about at this session in consideration of which opposition to other proposed legislation will be dropped.

It is pointed out that Senator Bailey, of Texas, a strong Lorimer follower, is attacking the tariff commission; Senator Hale, of Maine, is leading the assault upon the Canadian reciprocity agreement, and so on.

Although the legislative program is in a chaotic condition, unprecedented in the history of the history, hope was expressed that it will not be necessary to call an extra session.

If the compromise plan works out it will be given great assistance by day and night sessions for action on the big measures.

There are only five and one-half days now remaining to conclude the work.

If this time proves inadequate President Taft will call an extra session to convene in Washington in April.

VIEW CONFLICT FROM AIRSHIP

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Special.—First Lieutenant J. McHenry, of the Coast Artillery, National Guard, accompanied by Private H. B. Odell, have sailed on the liner Harvard to join Eugene Ely, the aviator, at San Diego, and proceed with hi mto Juarez, where war observations will be made from aeroplanes.

They are acting under orders issued by Colonel George A. Schapley, of the Coast Artillery.

Ely, who landed on the deck of the cruiser Pennsylvania in the recent aviation meet here, left for San Diego Wednesday to arrange for aeroplanes.

Private Odell is a practical aviator, and will take turns with Ely in making observations.

The intention is to proceed with a Curtiss biplane from San Diego to Juarez, which will be made the base of operations. United States regular soldiers will act in co-operation with the air scouts in making observations. They will go wherever there is fighting.

Will Travel by Aeroplane.

LONDON.— Special. Pauline Chase, who is touring in "Peter Pan," proposes to travel by aeroplane from town to town, instead of using trains. A high wind prevented her from flying from Nottingham to Leeds yesterday, but she means to carry out her plan hereafter.

STORM SWEEPS ENGLISH COAST

SHIPPING BADLY CRIPPLED AND THE GALE IS STILL RAGING.

HULL, ENG., Special.—Reports of a number of shipping disasters were received here today as a result of a gale which swept the coast of the North Sea.

The Ketch Gustav foundered in the mouth of the Humber and the captain was drowned. The balance of the crew had a narrow escape from death.

Several fishing vessels were wrecked.

Steamer Bremer Lost.

LONDON, Special.—The steamer Bremer has been wrecked off the coast of Yeland with the loss of part of her crew, among them several officers.

Word of the disaster was received by Lloyds today.

"GENERAL" CRIPPLED IN SNOW FORT BATTLE

NEW YORK.— Special.—A dozen boys of the neighborhood built a snow fort in the back yard at 517 Second Avenue yesterday afternoon, then divided into armies of attack and defense. Walter Brotzman, fourteen years old and living at the mentioned address, commanded the defense so skilfully that at the end of half an hour's conflict he mounted the ramparts and proclaimed victory.

Just at that moment, however, the enemy executed a manoeuvre that threw a strong detachment to the rear of the fort. General Brotzman had waved his arms but once when a snowball struck him in the back of the head and sent him toppling to the ground. Something happened to the fort itself at the same moment, and bastions, parapets, scarps, embrasures, all collapsed about the luckless defender of the work.

Sin Wah, in proof that China is awakening, had been watching the battle from the window of his laundry in the basement of 517. When General Brotzman disappeared beneath the wreck of the fort Sin Wah was first to go to his assistance. Under his voluble directions both armies set about the task of digging out the soldier, while two little girls were summoned from the camp of the non-combatants to run for other aid.

Patrolman Schaub, of the East Thirty-fifth Street Station, and Dr. Klingor, of Bellevue Hospital, reached the battlefield together. Schaub completed the rescue of the general, and Klingor took him away with him, for his right leg had been broken in two places.

"You'll be here for six weeks," Dr. Klingor told the general as the finishing touches were put on the cast.

"Doggone it," the general returned, "it will be next winter before I can get back at the guy what handed me that wallop."

EPIDEMIC AT FAMOUS HOSPITAL

BALTIMORE, MD., Special.—The diphtheria epidemic at Johns Hopkins Hospital is spreading rapidly. This morning it was unofficially reported that there are sixty-eight cases in the institution, those affected consisting mostly of doctors, nurses and students.

There are a number of patients also suffering from the disease. The hospital is practically under quarantine, all the public wards being closed. All patients not affected by the disease, who are able to be moved, are being taken in ambulances to their homes.

The students who have contracted the disease have been ordered from their boarding houses to the hospital.

There is now a general outbreak of diphtheria in the northeastern section of the city, according to Dr. Norton, acting superintendent of Johns Hopkins.

The northeastern section is the most densely populated in Baltimore.

The disease has practically closed the institutions both to patients and visitors. It is known that two doctor, nine nurses, eleven students and fiftee[illegible] patients are now suffering from the dread disease.

REBEL CAPTAIN BADLY INJURE[illegible]

TUCSON, ARIZ., Special.—Capta[illegible] Camila Medina, of the insurrec[illegible] forces, who has just arrived [illegible] Norales, reports the wounding [illegible] Colonel Kosterlitzky, commander [illegible] the rurales in Sonora in a fight be[illegible]tween the rurales and insurrectos ne[illegible] Cananea on Wednesday. Koste[illegible]litzky has been removed to Magdalena.

McKEESPORT, PA.—Special.—[illegible] masked men attempted to rob [illegible] postoffice here Monday, bu[illegible] detected as they were about [illegible] a fuse to blow open the safe [illegible]ing over $10,000.

Policeman McGurk and th[illegible] exchanged several shots, bu[illegible] was hurt.

The bandits then esca[illegible] metomobile, which was [illegible] distance from the [illegible]

The Family Upstairs—Mr. Dingbat Misses an Elegant Chance at One of Them—By Herriman